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did disturb the civil peace." To aid his readers in understanding what is meant by the *first table*, the editor has subjoined a note, "First commandment, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Things must have got to a strange pass in Connecticut. This "antiquarian" ought immediately to take some lessons in the New England Primer.

It would be easy to show, that a large portion of this volume is prepared in such a manner, as to make a very incorrect impression on the minds of those, who are not well informed in the history of the country. Some of the colonial laws, as well as the proceedings under them, were without doubt highly objectionable. Others, compared with our present standard of judging, are of a questionable character ; but were, in truth, a great improvement in the legislation and general policy of the age. Much the larger part of these laws might be shown to be highly creditable to the early colonists. But we do not suppose, that the public generally need, at present, any discussion of this subject. The great object of the compiler was, obviously, to make a book which would sell among a class of readers, with whom matter of fact is of secondary importance.

ART. X. — *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature.*

Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY. *Volume III., containing Select Minor Poems, from the German of Goethe and Schiller, with Notes ;* by JOHN S. DWIGHT. Boston : Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 439.

WE approach the present volume in the blandest of critical moods, with the maximum of honey and the minimum of gall, which can possibly enter into the composition of a reviewer ; not only on account of the good wishes which we entertain towards the project which Mr. Ripley has undertaken, but also on account of the difficulties which the translator has overcome in the prosecution of his task ; we should rather have said, translators, as Mr. Dwight has received considerable assistance from his literary friends. We hold it to be a very difficult thing to translate well, especially

poetry ; requiring, if not high, yet rare powers, almost as rare as original genius ; and, consequently, we look upon a successful translator with great respect, and feel tolerant towards one of no more than moderate merit. We have some mercy even for Hoole.

The peculiarities of the German mind and of the German language throw especial obstacles in the way of him who essays to clothe their productions in an English dress ; and, of all the authors in that prolific literature, Goethe, considered as a lyrical poet, is undoubtedly the most difficult to translate in a satisfactory manner. The charm of Goethe's lyrical fragments consists in their exquisite finish, and in that airy grace of style and delicacy of execution, which a translator can no more transfer to his version than a maker of artificial flowers can give us an exact resemblance of the dazzling white of the japonica, or reproduce the pendulous beauty of the lily of the valley. It is with many of these poems as with no inconsiderable portion of the Greek epigrams ; — the thought or substance is something obvious, even commonplace ; the magic is in the words. The execution of a master hand has exalted what was low, and idealized what was common, as we sometimes see a plumstone so elaborately carved as to become the gem of a virtuoso's collection. We may translate and paraphrase as carefully as we will ; but all in vain ; the charm has vanished ; it is "Open, Barley," not "Open, Sesame."

Judging the work before us by this standard, and with a proper allowance for the difficulties of the task, we may, with a good conscience, congratulate Mr. Dwight on his general success. Many of the translations are extremely well done ; and we have no doubt (judging from the very few specimens with which we happen to be acquainted in the original), that they are correct and faithful versions. Indeed, we apprehend, that the translators have made this a prominent object of solicitude, and that the many rough and bald lines which are to be met with, have their origin in a reluctance to sacrifice any portion of the meaning of the original to a mere gratification of the ear. One of the best pieces, if not the very best, is the translation by Mr. Dwight of Schiller's "Song of the Bell." The following passage gives the translator himself a title to the name of poet.

"Clear and full, with a festal sound
 It hails the lovely infant child,
 First entering on his earthly round,
 Borne in the arms of slumber mild.
 His future lots, or dark or clear,
 In time's deep lap await him yet ;
 He wakes beneath a mother's care,
 And golden morns his glad eyes greet. —
 The arrowy years have sped away !
 From trifling maid, from childish play,
 Th' impatient boy, with ardor burning,
 Storms into life, unchecked, to roam
 The wide world round ; and now returning
 He hails his dear paternal home,
 A stranger 'mid old scenes, — when, lo !
 In ripened youth's full, mellow glow,
 Beaming with beauty's every charm,
 Majestic as some heaven-lit form,
 With downcast eye, and cheek o'erspread
 With deepening blushes rosy-red,
 The maid before his sight appears, —
 The child he left in lighter years !
 Then creeps a nameless, longing feeling
 O'er his whole soul ; he seeks the shade,
 The solitude of wood and glade ;
 And ever and anon come stealing
 Stray tears adown his cheeks ; no more
 He seeks the sports he loved before,
 But, in abstracted mood, would flee
 His brothers' gladsome company." — p. 313.

The "Magician's Apprentice," from Goethe, is also translated by Mr. Dwight, very successfully ; likewise, "The Cranes of Ibycus" from Schiller, by the Reverend C. T. Brooks ; and many others might be mentioned with commendation.

The volume is composed entirely of the productions of Goethe and Schiller, the former contributing about two hundred, and the latter about one hundred and fifty pages ; and among these, no candid person can deny, that there is a great deal of admirable poetry, imbued with the distinguishing characteristics of these eminent men, and addressing itself to the universal sympathies of mankind. Many of the poems, however, are so deeply tinged with the peculiarities of the Ger-

man mind, that their admirers must, among any other people, it seems to us, be confined to a select few. As an instance, we copy the following from Goethe.

“ ONE AND ALL.

“ How yearns the solitary soul
To melt into the boundless whole,
And find itself again in peace !
The blind desire, the impatient will,
The restless thoughts and plans are still ;
We yield ourselves, — and wake in bliss.

“ World-Spirit, come, our spirits firing !
For evermore to thee aspiring,
We but obey our nature's call.
Good angels feelingly persuade us,
And heaven-taught masters gently lead us
To Him who made and maketh all.

“ To re-create the old creation,
All things work on in fast rotation,
Lest aught grow fixed, and change resist ;
And what was not shall spring to birth,
As purest sun, or painted earth.
God's universe may know no rest.

“ It must go on, creating, changing,
Through endless shapes for ever ranging ;
And rest we only *seem* to see.
Th' Eternal lives through all revolving ;
For all must ever keep dissolving,
Would it continue still to be.”— pp. 151, 152.

The following passage, from “ The Artists,” by Schiller, seems to our apprehension vague, shadowy, and indistinct ; the meaning so buried under a cloud of words, that the mind shrinks from the labor necessary to get at it.

“ And now, in all that round him lives,
To him a fair proportion speaks ;
Beauty her girdle of all colors weaves
Into whatever path he seeks ;
And, with your glorious works before him,
Perfection's self, blest fancy, hovers o'er him.

Where frank-voiced Joy darts off to recreation,
 Where silent Sorrow shrinks away from light,
 Where lingers thoughtfully pale Contemplation,
 Where weeping Misery meets his sight,
 Where thousand terrors crowd around his way, —
 Follows a stream of harmony divine ;
 He sees the Goddesses, — the Graces, — play,
 And strives his inmost feelings to refine,
 That he that lovely company may join.
 Soft as the lines to beauteous curves still tending,
 Soft as appearances, which never stay,
 In yielding outlines, undulating, blending, —
 So flows his life's light breath away.
 His soul dissolves in a harmonious ocean,
 Which round his sense its gladdening billows flings ;
 And every thought, in hushed, entranced devotion,
 To all-pervading Cytherea clings.
 At one, in highest sense, with Destiny,
 He on the Graces' quiet strength reposes,
 And to the arrow his full breast exposes
 From the mild bow of great Necessity." — pp. 216, 217.

Mr. Dwight remarks, in one of his notes, that Goethe's "love-songs, by their tenderness, whether gay or sad, and their sincere depth, which seems unwillingly betrayed, win us to their mood, like those of Burns." We cannot but think, that the translator's partiality has here seduced his judgment ; the specimens which are presented to us in this volume certainly do not warrant such an encomium. *The following is one of them.

" MAY SONG.

" 'TWIXT the barley and corn,
 'Twixt the hedge and hawthorn,
 'Twixt the grove and grass-plat,
 Where goes Sweetheart ?
 Tell me that !

" 'Found my Dearie
 Not at home ;
 Sure, the Faerie
 'S gone to roam ;
 Greener daily

Grows the May ;
Love, she gayly
Trips away.

“ On the rocks by the brook,
Where she gave me that look,
In the grass, all to me,
Something I see !
Is it she ? ”

— p. 23.

Were not the majestic name of Goethe appended to this, we cannot think it would have been esteemed worth the trouble of translating.

Some of the translations in this volume are nearly literal. They are in a rhythmical form merely, but not rhymed ; and, as a proof of what we have before said, of the difficulty of translating Goethe, an entire stranger to his works would often be more impressed with his powers, through these literal versions, than by the more elaborate paraphrases. We have, for instance, the tranquil beauty and serene repose of that charming Idyll, “ The Wanderer,” very successfully preserved in its English dress.

In one or two instances, we have the literal translation and the free version ; and the advantage is, in every case, with the former. The following is a literal transcript of a poem, familiar to readers of German, entitled, “ The God-like.”

“ NOBLE be Man,
Helpful and good !
For that alone
Doth distinguish him
From all the beings
Which we know.

“ Hail to the Unknown, the
Higher Beings
Felt within us !
His pattern teach us
Faith in them !

“ For unfeeling
Is Nature ;
Still shineth the sun
Over good and evil ;

And to the sinner
Smile, as to the best,
The moon and the stars.

“ Wind and waters,
Thunder and hail-stones,
Rustle on their way,
Smiting down, as
They dash along,
One for another.

“ Just so does Fate
Grove round in the crowd,
Seize now the innocent,
Curly-haired boy,
Now on the old, bald
Crown of the villain.

“ By great, adamant
Laws everlasting,
Here we must all our
Round of existence
Faithfully finish.

“ There can none but Man
Perform the Impossible.
He understandeth,
Chooseth, and judgeth ;
He can impart to the
Moment duration.

“ He alone may
The Good reward,
The Guilty punish,
Mend and deliver ;
All the wayward, anomalous
Bind in the Useful.

“ And the Immortals, —
Them we reverence,
As if they were men, and
Did, on a grand scale,
What the best man in little
Does, or fain would do.

“ Let noble Man
 Be helpful and good !
 Ever creating
 The Right and the Useful, —
 Type of those loftier
 Beings of whom the heart whispers ! ”
 — pp. 113 – 115.

Immediately following is a free version by Mr. Bancroft, which, though tasteful and smooth, fails to preserve the terseness and vigor of the original.

“ THE SAME.

“ [A FREE VERSION.]

- “ LET Man, for highest ends designed,
 Be just in action, generous, kind.
 He differs, by his heavenly birth,
 From all the tribes that roam the earth.
- “ Hail to the Spirits ! — the Unknown,
 Sublime, revealed by Faith alone !
 Man, from his own example, learns
 To trust in what no eye discerns.
- “ Unfeeling Nature, ruthless, cold,
 Moves in her orbit, as of old ;
 On just and unjust shines the sun ;
 And bright to all, who boldly run
 Through crimes, and them who have no stain,
 Glimmer the moon and all her train.
- “ Thunder and hail, the stream, the breeze,
 Rush onward in their course, and seize,
 Resistless, as they haste along,
 One and another, — weak and strong.
- “ And Fortune blindly gropes her way
 Amid the crowd, nor fears to lay
 Her hand upon the guileless boy
 With curling locks, (or to destroy
 Or bless, she recks not ;) and e'en now
 She smites the aged sinner's brow.
- “ That mighty law, whose iron sway
 Is boundless, endless, we obey ;

And, following nature's changeless will,
Existence' high designs fulfil.

" And Man can do, — and Man alone,
What seems impossible, hath done ;
Continuance can to moments lend,
Compare and choose the nobler end.

" 'Tis he that gives the wise their meed ;
He may avenge the evil deed,
Heal, save, and to good ends unite
The wayward force that strays from right.

" And we revere the immortal powers,
As if their spirits were like ours ;
And they but widely do what here
The best have done, in narrower sphere.

" Let Man be generous, just, and kind ;
Unwearied do, with willing mind,
Whate'er is useful, pure, and right.
Thus will he live an image bright
Of beings whom our hearts, e'en here,
Forebode, commune with, and revere."

— pp. 116, 117.

Many of the "Epigrams" of both Goethe and Schiller are striking, and are generally well translated. The following, from Goethe, has vigor of expression and condensation of thought.

" *Goods* gone, — something gone !
Must bend to the oar,
And earn thee some more.
Honor gone, — much gone !
Must go and gain glory ;
Then the idling gossips will alter their story.
Courage gone, — all 's gone !
Better never have been born ! " — p. 187.

These, from Schiller too, are excellent.

" THEOPHANIA.

" SHOW me the fortunate man, and the Gods I forget in a moment ;
But before me they stand, when I the sufferer see." — p. 343.

“ WORTH AND WORTHINESS.

“ *Hast* thou something ? Impart ; I’ll willingly pay thee what ’s proper.

Art thou something ? O, then souls I with thee would exchange.” — p. 344.

“ FRIEND AND FOE.

“ DEAR to me is a friend ; but a foe, too, often is useful :

Shows me the friend, what I *can* ; shows me the foe, what I *should*.” — p. 349.

“ FORUM OF WOMAN,

“ WOMAN, presume not to judge a man’s particular actions !

Judge thou only *the man*, — there shall thy sentence avail,” — p. 351.

The volume closes with some seventy or eighty pages of notes, original and translated, illustrative of the text. Mr. Dwight is apparently a good German scholar, and he writes like a man of generous impulses and warm poetical sensibility. The sincerity and strength of his own convictions makes him decided and earnest in the expression of them. His admiration of Goethe seems unbounded ; we should have said extravagant, were it not that our own half-knowledge of that famous man, makes us diffident about applying that epithet to the views of one who has studied him thoroughly.

ART. XI. — *Gazetteer of the State of Missouri*, by ALPHONSO WETMORE. St. Louis. 8vo. 1837.

FEW of our readers, we suppose, are prepared to be told, that Missouri is not only the largest State in the Union, but that it is unsurpassed and perhaps unequalled by any other in natural resources. Yet such is the fact ; taking into view its advantages of climate, soil, rivers, variety of agricultural productions, and mineral wealth, we do not know of any State which is entitled to take precedence of this.

The history of Missouri, as a home of civilized man, begins with the cession by France to England, of her posses-